

The Tragedie

God keepe you from them, and from such false friends.

Prin. God keepe me from false friends, but they were none.

Glo. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo. M. God bleſſe your Grace, with health and happy daies.

Prin. I thanke you good my L. and thanke you all:

I thought my mother and my brother Yorke,

Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:

Fie, what a slug is Hastings that he comes not

To tell vs whether they will come or no.

Enter L. Ha.

Buck. And in good time heere comes the sweating Lord.

Prin. Welcome my Lord, what will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion God he knowes not I:

The Queene your mother, and your brother Yorke

Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince

Would faine come with me to meeete your Grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course

Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace

Perſwade the Queene they ſend the Duke of Yorke

Vnto his princely brother preſently?

If ſhe denie, Lord Hastings go with them,

And from her icalous armes plucke him perforce.

Car. My L. of Buckingham, if my weake oratorie

Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,

Anon expect him heere: but if ſhe be obdurate

To milde entreaties, God forbid

We ſhould infringe the holy priuiledge

Of bleſſed Sanctuarie: not for all this land,

Would I be guiltie of ſo great a ſinne.

Buck. You are too ſenceleſſe obſtinate my Lord,

Too ceremonious and traditionall.

Weighrit but with the groſſeneſſe of this age,

You breake not Sanctuarie in ſeazing him:

The benefit thereof is alwaies granted

To thoſe whoſe dealings haue deſerued the place,

And thoſe who haue the wit to claime the place.

This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deſerued it,

And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

of Richard the third.

Then taking him from thence that is not there,

You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:

Oft haue I heard of Sanctuarie men,

But Sanctuarie children neuer till now.

Car. My Lord, you ſhall ouerrule my minde for once:

Come on Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go my Lord. *Exit. Car. & Hast.*

Pri. Good Lords make all the speedie haſt you

Say Vncle Gloceſter, if our brother come, (may.

Where ſhall we ſoiourne till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it thinkſt beſt vnto your royall ſelfe:

If I may counſel you ſome day or two,

Your highneſſe ſhall reſpoſe you at the Tower:

Then where you pleaſe & ſhalbe thought moſt fit

For your beſt health and recreation.

Pri. I do not like the Tower of any place:

Did Iulius Cæſar build that place my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious L. begin that place,

Which ſince ſucceeding ages haue reedified.

Pri. Is it vpon record, or els reported

Successiuelly from age to age he built it?

Buck. Vpon record my gracious Lord.

Pri. But ſay my Lord it were not regiſtered,

Me thinkes the truth ſhould liue from age to age,

As were retaild to all poſteritie,

Euen to the generall ending day.

Glo. So wiſe, ſo yong, they ſay do neuer liue long:

Pri. What ſay you Vncle?

Glo. I ſay, without Characters fame liues long:

Thus like the formall vice, iniquitie,

Imoralize two meanings in one word.

Pri. That Iulius Cæſar was a famous man,

With what his valour did enrich his wit,

His wit ſet downe to make his valour liue:

Death makes no conqueſt of his conquerour,

For now he liues in fame, though not in life:

I tell you what my Couſen Buckingham.

Buck. What my gracious Lord?

Pri. And if I liue vntill I be a man,